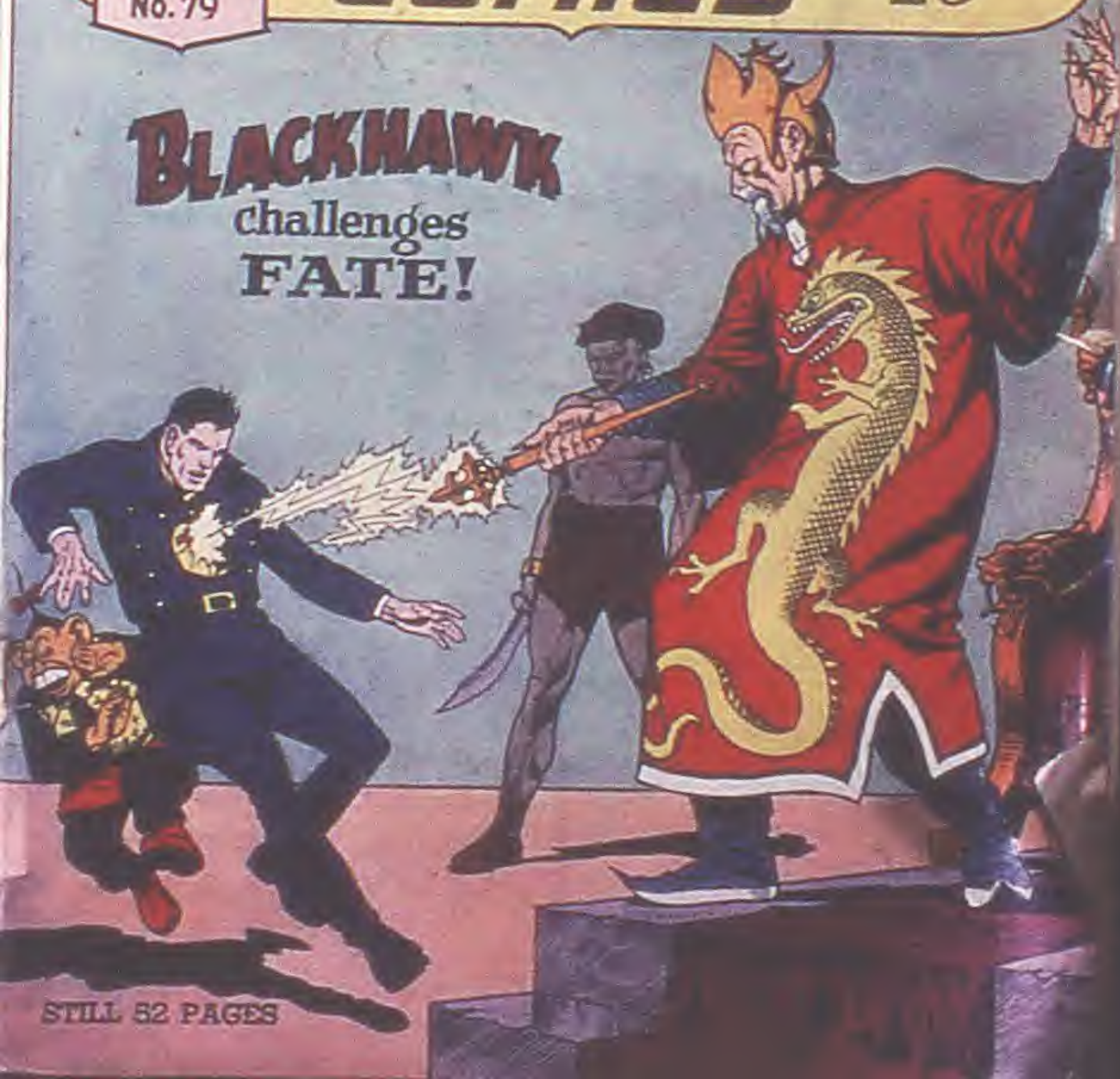


MODERN COMICS

NOVEMBER
No. 79

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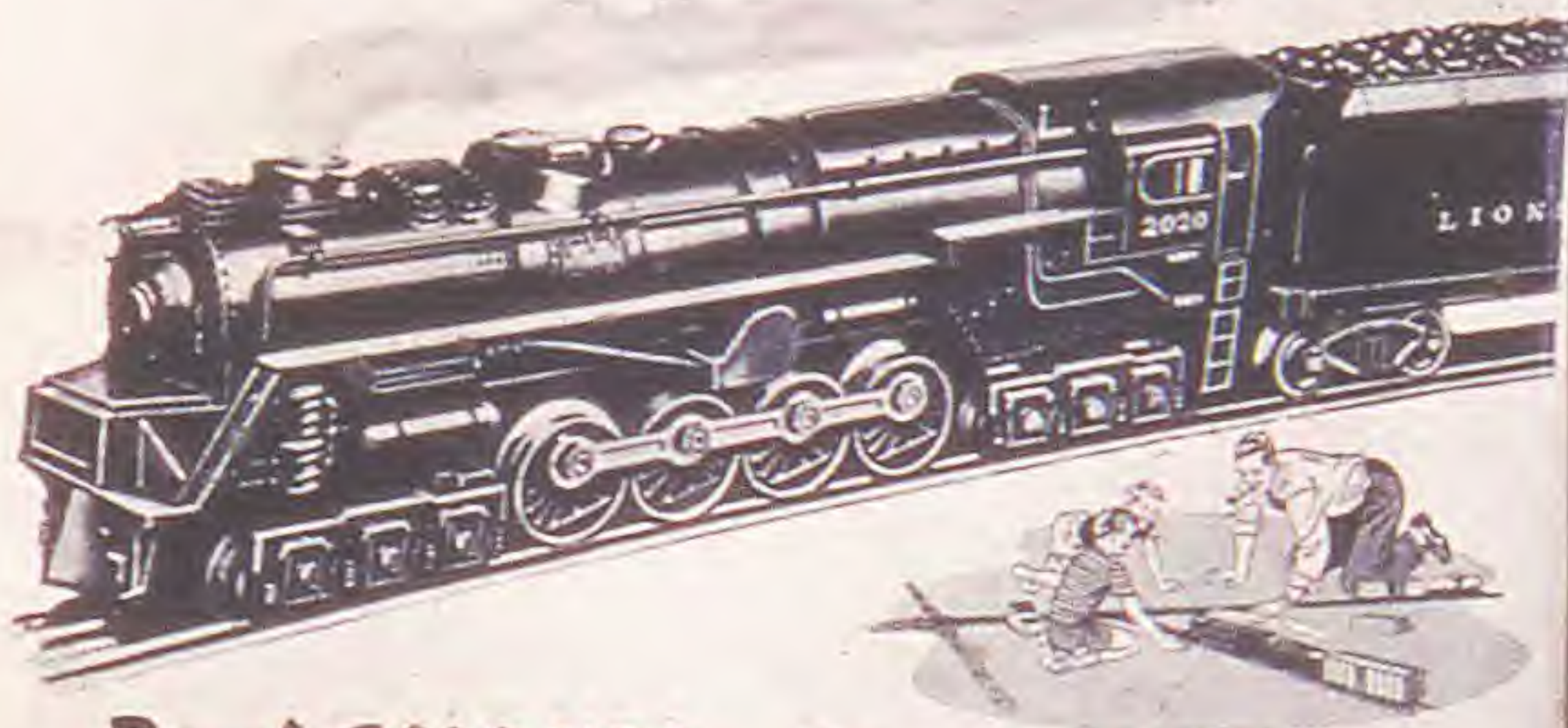
BLACKHAWK
challenges
FATE!



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LIONEL TRAINS

MODERN CONCEPT, November, 1942, No. 25. Published monthly by Conde Magazines, 3 Lark St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Office, 275 Madison St., New York, N. Y. L. M. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Swann, Editor. Twenty subscriptions for \$1.75 plus 50 cents for mailing, total \$2.25. Foreign \$2.50. Extended rate, second-class matter, April 28, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1917. The magazine and contents published herein are entirely the property of the Publisher. No part of this publication may be reproduced without permission. Copyright 1942 by Conde Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

MODERN COMICS

BLACKHAWK



No man may
challenge the
decree of Fate!

But the **BLACKHAWKS**
challenged it...and **WON!**

A strange belief ruled in
distant Krafora—a mys-
tery brooded there which
no man dared face...
until the arrival of the
Blackhawks for a high
adventure in the service
of justice on earth!

In the kingdom of KRAFURA—
a land dominated by the wor-
ship of FATE... there are
sometimes sweet moments—

AN, SELIM, I FIND IT
HARD TO BELIEVE OUR
HAPPINESS WILL
COME!

BUT IT WILL,
AZIZA! WE
MARRY TO-
MORROW!
ALREADY THE
WEDDING PLANS
ARE MADE!

I HAVE SOWN
CROPS THAT WILL
SUPPORT US THIS
YEAR—NEXT YEAR
OUR FARM WILL
PROSPER! WE
CAN LOOK FORWARD
TO A LONG LIFE
OF SIMPLE JOY IN
KRAFURA!

YOU
RECKON
WITHOUT
FATE,
YOUNG
DREAMER!

SELIM! IT IS THE
MESSENGER OF
FATE! HE HAS
COME TO CALL
US INTO HIS
SERVICE!

TRUE, PRETTY ONE!
AT REGULAR INTER-
VALS HE SELECTS
THE FINEST YOUNG
MEN AND WOMEN TO
JOIN HIM IN HIS
SECRET KINGDOM!



YOU TWO ARE HONORED ABOVE
YOUR COMPANIONS! COME
WITH ME...

NO! AZIZA AND
I WILL MARRY TO-
MORROW! WE WON'T
LEAVE...



YOU DEFY FATE? AN EXAMPLE
MUST BE MADE OF SUCH
REBELLION! DIE!

YOU'VE KILLED
SELIM, MY LOVED
ONE! HEAVEN'S
CURSE UPON YOU,
MESSENGER!



MORE DEFIANCE...
THEREFORE, MORE
PUNISHMENT! JOIN
YOUR LOVER WHERE
HE HAS GONE!



But high in the
sky overhead...

DOWN THERE...
I CAN SEE WITH MY
BINOCULARS!
LOOKS LIKE
VIOLENCE!























NOW I'VE
GOT TWO—



AND I'LL
RIDDLE THE
BEST!



BLACKHAWK! YOU
BAM BIG GREEDY
FELLER! LEAVE
SOMETHING
FOR ME!

THERE ARE OTHERS
IN THESE CAVERNS.
OLAF! CLEAN
THEM OUT!



DON'T RUN, FATE!
YOU AREN'T GOING
TO OVERTAKE
ANYBODY!

HANDS
OFF!



HELP! SAVE
ME FROM THIS
DEVIL!

MY FRIENDS ARE WIPING
OUT YOUR HENCHMEN IN THE
CORRIDORS! CONFESS
YOUR ROTTEN TRICKS—
SLAVERY, MURDER BY RADIO
BEAMS DIRECTED AT THOSE
CHARMS THE PEOPLE
WEAR!



YOU LEARNED MY
SECRETS! BUT I
AM STILL MASTER
OF ONE FATE—
MY OWN!

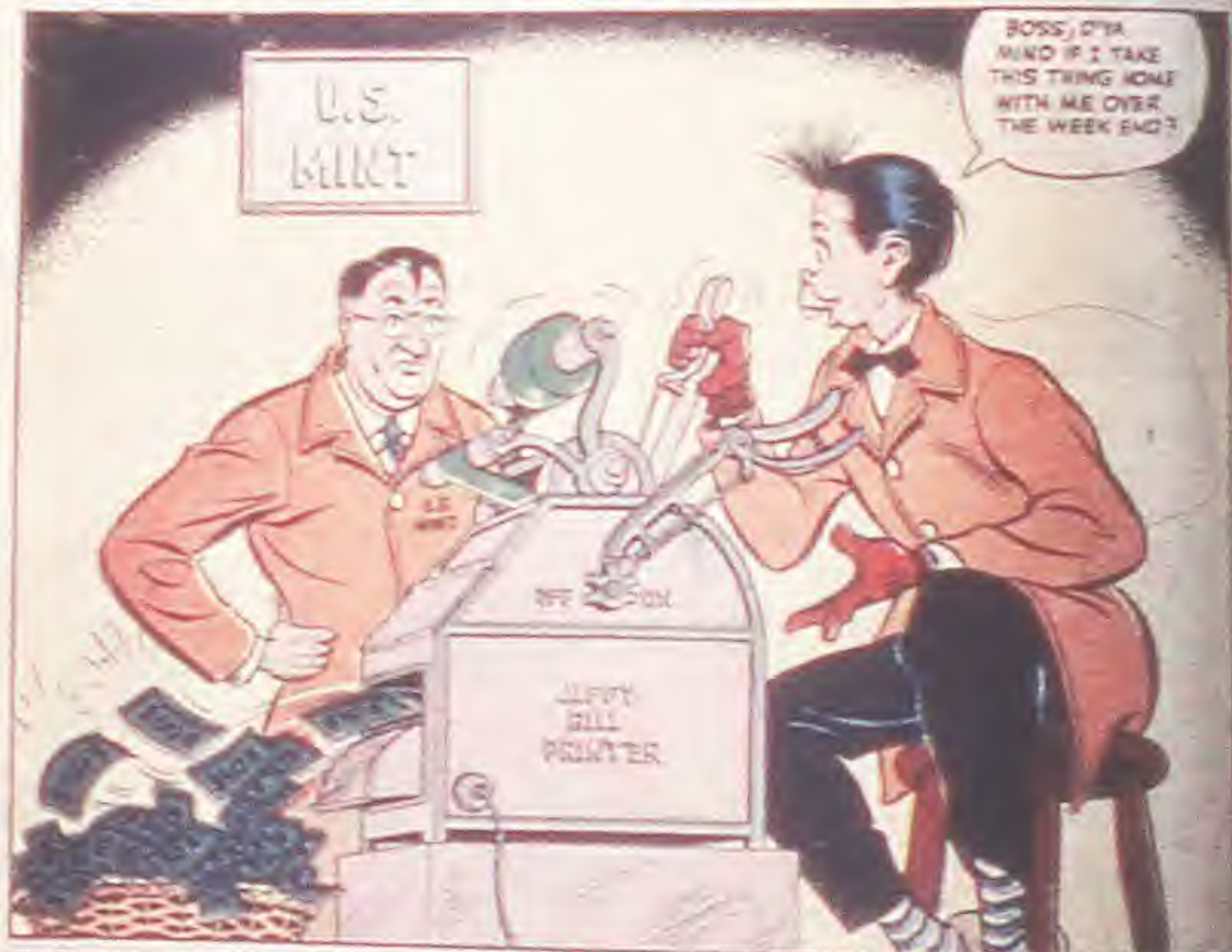
HOW CAN YOU KEEP ME
FROM TAKING YOU BACK
TO FACE THE PEOPLE
YOU VICTIMIZED?



I'LL SHOW YOU!
SEE! I WEAR
ONE OF THE
CHARMS—



DOGTAG

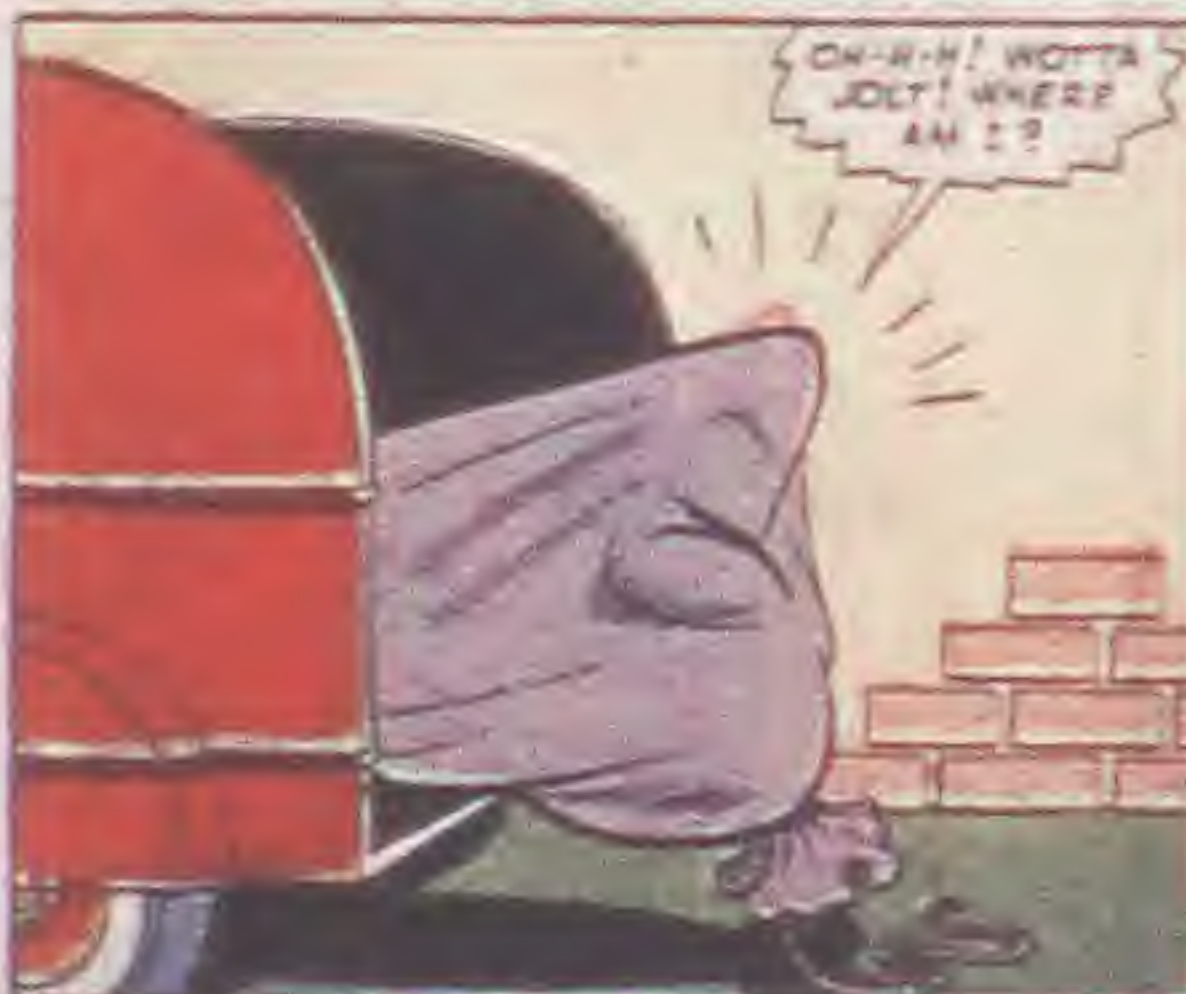












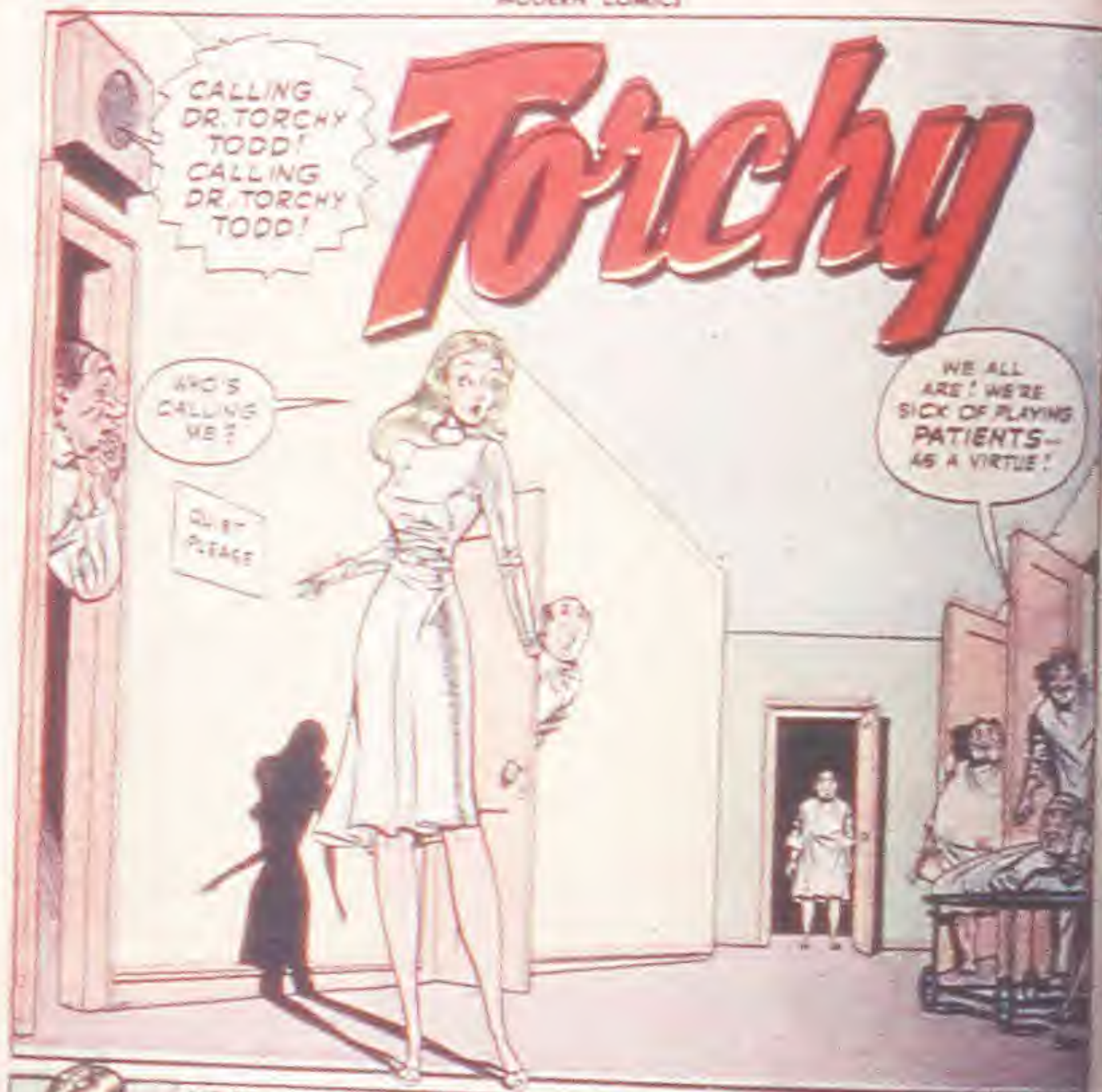
Torchy

CALLING
DR. TORCHY
TODD!
CALLING
DR. TORCHY
TODD!

WHO'S
CALLING
ME?

QUIET
PLEASE

WE ALL
ARE! WE'RE
SICK OF PLAYING
PATIENTS—
AS A VIRTUE!



AND SO WE CONCLUDE ANOTHER
ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF DR. LINNA
BENE, LADY PHYSICIAN! LISTEN AGAIN
TOMORROW TO ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE
CAREERS OF DR. LINNA BENE AND
HER ROMANTIC COLLEAGUE,
DR. FRISBY
WILDAIR!

SUCH HEROISM! SUCH SELF-SACRIFICE!
IT MAKES MY LIFE SEEM SO USELESS!
IF ONLY I WERE A DOCTOR
LIKE DR. LINNA BENE!





AM! THE THEME MUSIC FROM THE DR. LIMA BENE PROGRAM! IF A DAME'S BEEN LISTENING TO THAT SHOW, I'VE GOT ME A PROSPECT!



DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL! YOU WISH THAT YOU, TOO, COULD BE LIKE DR. LIMA BENE!

HOW DID YOU KNOW?



AM, I CAN SEE YOU'RE THE SERIOUS TYPE, WITH THE SCIENTIFIC MIND! IN SHORT, YOU'D BE A PERFECT LADY DOCTOR!

HOW WELL YOU UNDERSTAND ME! BUT ALAS, IT'S TOO LATE!

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE! I'M PROFESSOR PIK, DEAN OF THE PIK COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS! I'LL MAKE A DOCTOR OF YOU!

YOU WILL? YOU MEAN I CAN GET AN M.D. AT YOUR COLLEGE? BUT IT'LL TAKE SO MANY YEARS!



HARUMP! IT'S NOT AN M.D. EXACTLY! IT'S BETTER! I GIVE A COURSE LEADING TO THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MEDICARIS, AND YOU LEARN EVERYTHING IN ONE WEEK!

GOLLY! THAT'S WONDERFUL! HOW MUCH WILL IT COST?



HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?

LET ME SEE! SIXTY-SIXTY-ONE-SIXTY-TWO DOLLARS! IT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE IN THE WORLD!



I USUALLY CHARGE MORE, BUT IN YOUR CASE I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION! GIMME!

HERE! WHERE WILL I ATTEND CLASSES?

I ALWAYS HAVE MY STUDENTS
STUDY RIGHT AT HOME! THEY'RE
HAPPYER THERE! HERE'S YOUR
TEXTBOOK!

OH,
THANK
YOU!

I'LL BE BACK NEXT WEEK
WITH YOUR DIPLOMA! AND
NOW THAT I THINK OF IT,
I'D BETTER GET YOU AN
OFFICE IN WHICH TO
PRACTICE!

OH PRO-
FESSOR!
YOU'RE
SO KIND!



KIND, SHE SAYS! I SHOULD
LET A DOLL LIKE THAT OUT
OF MY HANDS AFTER
GETTING ONLY SIXTY-TWO
BUCKS OUT OF HER! NOT
FILLBOX PEARL, OR I'M
NOT AS PROFESSIONAL AS
I THINK I AM!

A DOCTORS' STREET! NOW
IF I CAN FIND THE RIGHT KIND
OF OFFICE FOR HER, WE'LL
CLEAN UP!

AND THE VERY THING! EVERY
PATIENT IN THE OTHER DOCTORS'
WAITING ROOMS WILL BE ABLE
TO SEE HER THROUGH THAT
WINDOW! WE CAN'T MISS!
I'LL RENT THIS OFFICE!



A week
goes by—

HERE'S YOUR DIPLOMA!
AND I'VE GOT YOUR
OFFICE! WE'RE ALL
SET!

PROFESSOR, YOU
THINK OF EVERYTHING
BUT YOU DO LOOK A
LITTLE TIRED! I'D
BETTER TAKE YOUR
PULSE!

WHA!

A MAN DOES GET WORN OUT
FIGURING ANGLES ALL THE TIME,
BUT I FEEL AS GOOD AS NEW
NOW, DOCTOR! I CAN'T WAIT
TO SHOW YOU YOUR
OFFICE!







GRANK! ALL MY PATIENTS ARE GONE!

A NEW DOCTOR HAS SET UP IN THAT OFFICE! ALL MY PATIENTS HAVE GONE THERE!

WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE! SUCH PRACTICES ARE UNETHICAL, TO SAY NOTHING OF BEING THREATS TO OUR BANKROLLS!

FUNNY! THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE SEEMS DESERTED! OR WELL -- NOBODY CAN DELAY PETER PUMMEL, ALIAS DR. MILDAR OF THE RADIO! I'LL JUST TAKE MY BROKEN ARM ACROSS THE STREET!



SO! HE'S NOT GOING TO HIS REGULAR DOCTOR! I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON HIM!



WE JUST WANT TO PAY YOUR PREMISES A PROFESSIONAL VISIT, AND YOU INSIST ON CHARGING US! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

EXCUSE ME!



JUST A MINUTE, BUO! THAT'LL BE TEN DOLLARS IN ADVANCE!

TEN DOLLARS? A TRIFLE! A MERE FIVE SECONDS OF WORK ON THE AIR FOR DR. MILDAR IS ALL IT AMOUNTS TO!



AH! I KNEW I'D SEEN YOUR PICTURE SOMEWHERE! YOU'RE PROFESSOR PIKE, THE MAN WHO RUNS THE FAKE MEDICAL SCHOOL! I SEE IT ALL NOW! YOU'VE SET THIS QUACK UP!

THE DOGGONE COPS HAVE BEEN GIVING ME UNASKED FOR PUBLICITY! I'D BETTER SCREAM!



DOCTOR, I FEEL SO WEAK— BUT IT'S NICE!

GANGWAY!



STOP THAT CROOK! IT'S PEOPLE LIKE HIM WHO MAKE THINGS TOUGH FOR US QUACKS— ER— GULP! I MEAN, PHYSICIANS!

A CROOK! GOODNESS! AND I TRUSTED HIM!



PARDON ME, DOCTOR! THESE OTHERS CAN WAIT! I'M PETER PUMMEL, DR. MILDAR OF THE RADIO, Y'KNOW! NOW, ABOUT MY BROKEN ARM—

OH, DR. MILDAR, HOW AWFUL! WHO WOULD WANT TO BREAK YOUR ARM?



I WOULD, SISTER, BECAUSE DR. MILDAR ALWAYS MANAGES TO RUN INTO PRETTY DOLLS LIKE YOU, NO MATTER WHETHER HE'S BUYING A COGAR OR GOING TO A DOCTOR!

BUT WHO ARE YOU?



LIMA BENE TO YOU? LIZZIE PUMMEL IN REAL LIFE, AND I'M THIS PHONY'S WIFE! WHAT'S MORE, I'M GONNA BREAK UP YOUR PRACTICE AND YOUR JAW!

HALP! YOU WERE NEVER LIKE THIS ON THE RADIO!



OH, DEAR! AND TO THINK I WAS INSPIRED BY DR. LIMA BENE TO TAKE UP MEDICINE! ILLUSIONS! NOTHING BUT ILLUSIONS!

IF THEY CATCH US, IT WON'T BE AN ILLUSION, SISTER!



WE'VE SHAKEN THEM, BUT I HOPE THIS LITTLE EPISODE HASN'T SHAKEN YOUR CONFIDENCE IN MEDICINE!

YOU'LL NEED A DENTIST, MISTER— WHEN I FINISH KNOCKING OUT YOUR TEETH!

Will Bragg













FUTTY



I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT THE BUFFALO OFF A NICKEL... IF I HAD A NICKEL!



I OVERHEARD YOU, SIR! WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A BIT OF GARDENING IN EXCHANGE FOR A MEAL?

BUD, I'M SO STARVED I'D EVEN WORK FOR ME VITTLES!



SPLENDID! START DIGGING! I'LL GIVE YOU A MEAL AS SOON AS YOU FINISH MY GARDEN!

ULP!



WHEN I'VE BEEN SPADIN' FER TWO HOURS! HOW ABOUT THAT MEAL?

COMING RIGHT UP! YOU WORKED LIKE A DOG, SON!



THERE'S YOUR MEAL! RAW! RAW! DID YOU FALL FOR THAT ONE!

HUH?



MMM... CHOMP! DEELICIOUS! WHY, I'D RATHER EAT THIS THAN MERE CHICKEN ANY DAY!

WELL, FOR PITY...! BETTER THAN CHICKEN, EH? HUMM!



LET'S TRY IT! IF IT'S THAT GOOD I'LL SAVE A MINT IN FOOD BILLS!

AW, DON'T EAT IT ALL! YOU GAVE IT TO ME!



ULP!

OH, WELL! SLURP!

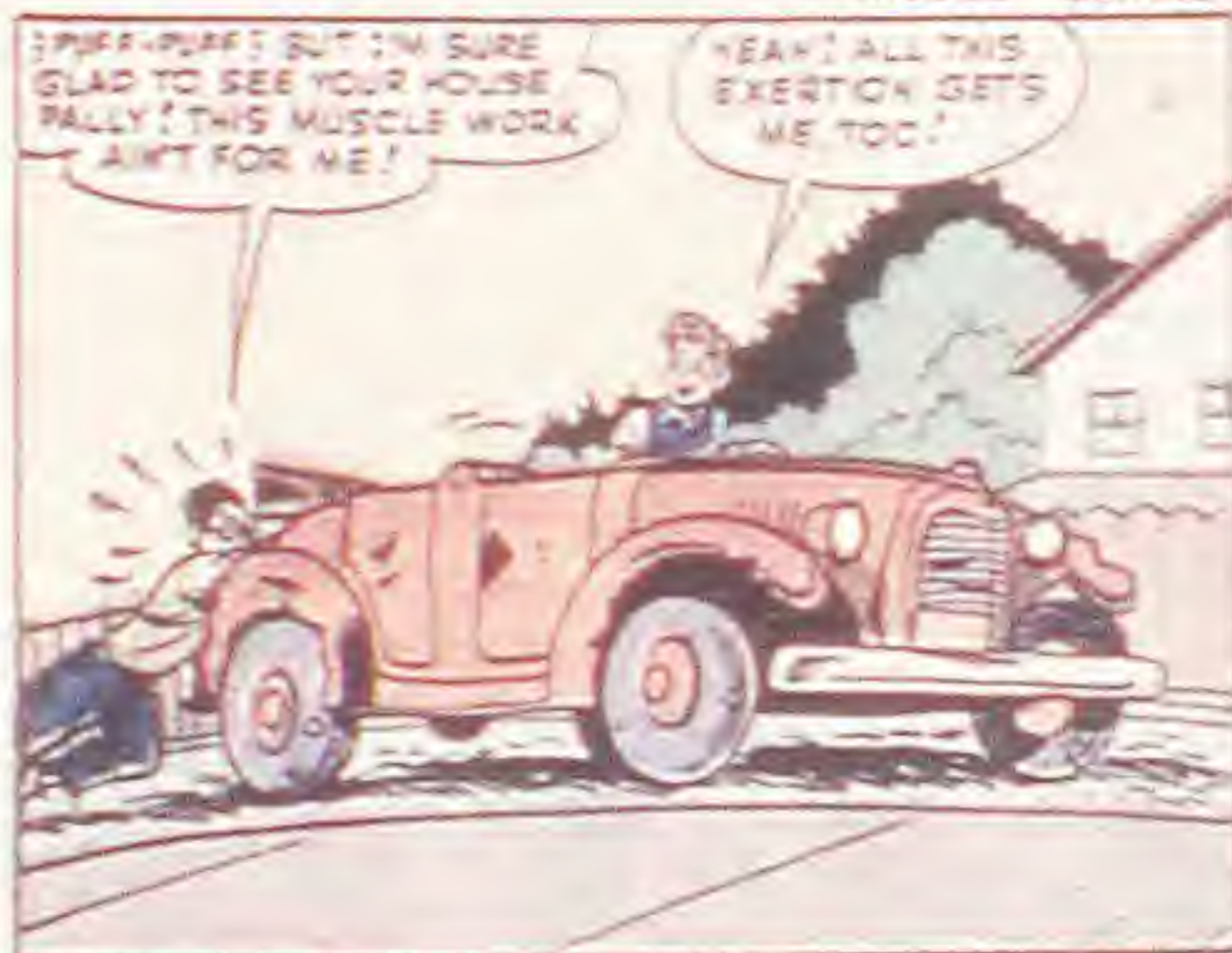


ARF! ARF! YOU TRICKED ME, YOU... BOW! WOW! BOW! BOW, WOW!

NOW, NOW, ROVER! DON'T GO FROTHING OR THEY'LL NAB YOU FOR RABIES!

ETRA





SPURRY-PURRY! BUT I'M SURE
GLAD TO SEE YOUR HOUSE
BALLY! THIS MUSCLE WORK
AINT FOR ME!

YEAH! ALL THIS
EXERTION GETS
ME TOO!



OH, DON'T TELL
ME, EZRA! SPARE
THE SYLLABLES
AND SAVE YOUR
STRENGTH!

HA! HA! GOOD
DEAR! WE'LL GRAB
A SNACK AND
RELAX A WHILE!
THEN YOU CAN MED-
TATE ON A WAY FOR
ME TO GET A NEW
CAR!



ZOWIE! PICTURE HOW THE
CHICKS WOULD REACT IF
YOU DROVE UP TO SCHOOL
IN A SLICK NEW
BUGGY!

COME DOWN
OFF THAT SIX-
TEEN-CYLINDER
CLOUD,
CHUM!



HI, PARENTS!
WHAT'S PERKIN'
IN THE PANTRY?

HELLO, MR. AND
MRS. JONES!

HELLO,
BOYS!



THERE'S A FRESH CAKE IN THE
KITCHEN, EZRA! OH, FRED DEAR
-- DID YOU READ ABOUT THIS
WONDERFUL CAR CONTEST
SPONSORED BY FLIMSY
FLAKES SOAP?

NO, WHAT
ABOUT IT?



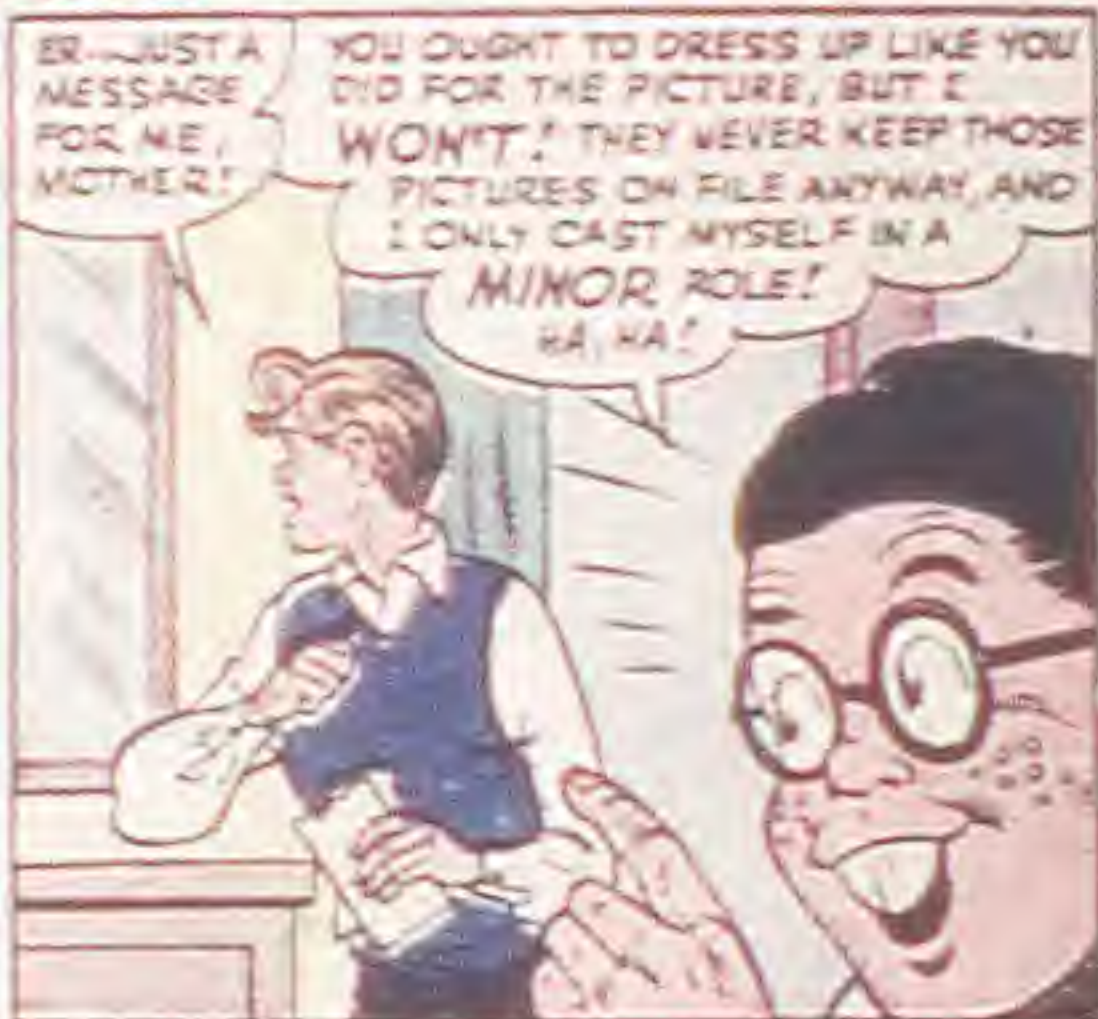
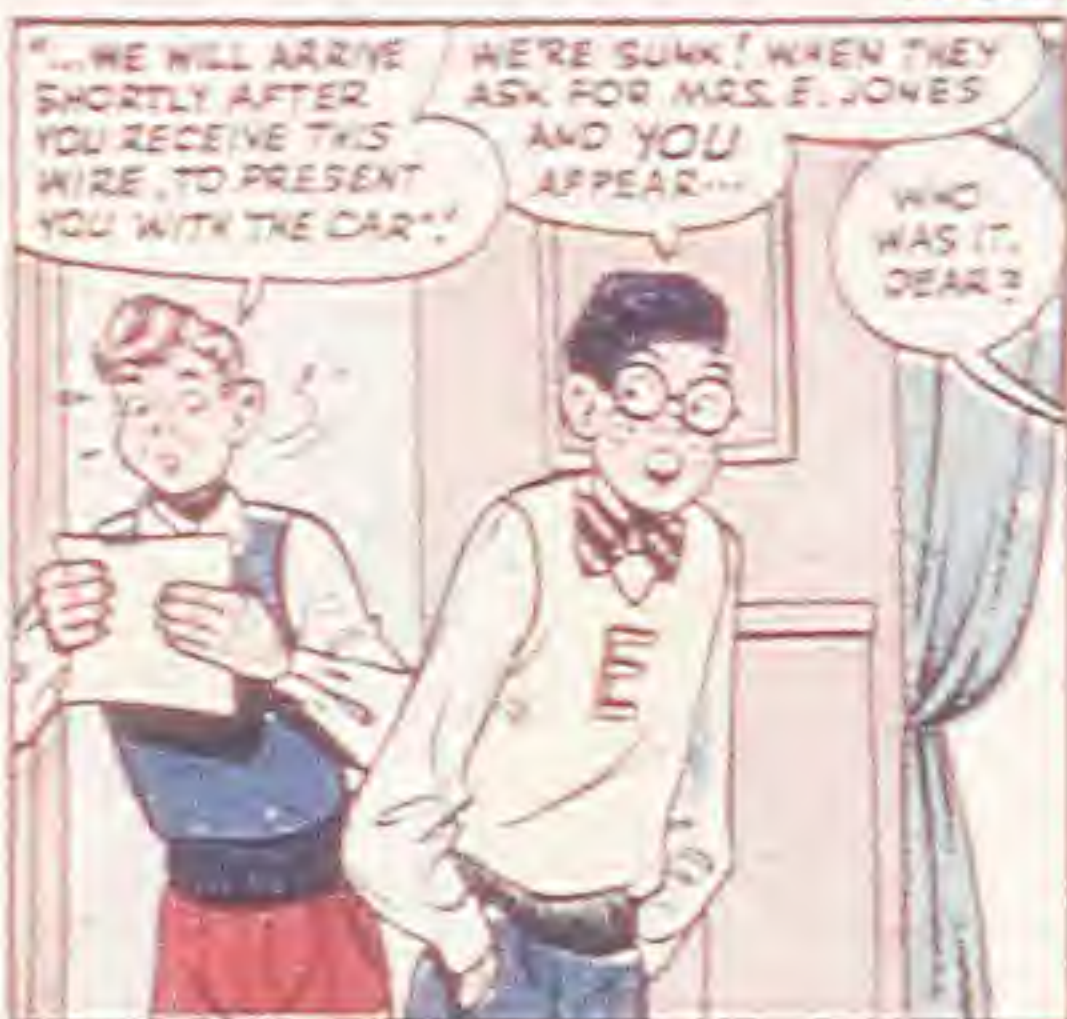
HOLD IT, EZRA!
LET'S GET THE
WORD ON THIS!

FIRST PRIZE IS A NEW
CREAM-COLORED CON-
VERTIBLE, AND ALL A
PERSON HAS TO DO IS
SEND IN A SLOGAN
ABOUT FLIMSY
FLAKES ALONG
WITH A SNAP-
SHOT!









JONES, WE'RE
TO AWARD YOU
LIMSY FLAKES
AUTOMOBILE!

ME? HOW PERFECTLY
WONDERFUL! AND I DIDN'T
EVEN TELL MY FAMILY
I'D ENTERED THE
CONTEST!



!

— AND FRED DARLING,
I WON THE CAR ALL
BY MYSELF!

THAT'S
WONDER-
FUL, MY DEAR!
I'LL BE HOME
IN JUST A
LITTLE
WHILE!



AN'T BREAK HER HEART
TELLING HER THAT IT WAS
ENTRY THAT WON!

OF COURSE NOT! BUT
HOW'S THIS FOR AN
IDEA— YOUR FATHER
WO'NT WANT TWO
CARS, WILL HE?



HEY, YOU'RE RIGHT! I
CAN TALK HIM INTO GIVING
ME HIS OLD CAR!

WHY NOT? GET
HIM WHILE HE'S
STILL IN A GOOD
MOOD!



W, FRED! YOU'RE
MAKING ME
DIZZY!

I MUST HAVE BEEN DIZZY
TO THINK YOU COULDN'T
WIN THAT CONTEST! AND
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I
JUST DID?

HEY,
POP...



I JUST DOUBLED OUR GOOD
FORTUNE BY SELLING THE
OLD CAR FOR A TERRIFIC
PROFIT! IT WAS A KINCH,
THAT'S ALL, BUT IT REALLY
PAID OFF!

ULP!



Meadow Murder

THE Blackhawks heard of a line by radio as they sat around their set on Blackhawk Island—only a routine news flash. "It is reported that the Transmanian ambassador is missing from his Washington Embassy." But Blackhawk whistled, and Stanislaw's eyebrows rose in inverted arcs.

"You think that means trouble?" asked Chuck, the American member of the crew.

"Ask Stan," Blackhawk replied, nodding toward the big Balkan. "He knows the temperament of these people, even if Transmania isn't his own country."

"Could be serious," Stan agreed. "If something really has happened to the man . . . and they wish to make trouble for our government."

"Worth world conditions in their present troubled state," Andre the Frenchman sighed. "Yet would not take much to stir up a real mess!"

Olaf, the Scandinavian, and Hendrickson, the Dutchman, nodded in agreement. Chop Chop, the little Chinese, studied the grave faces of the group and wiped the smile from his own cheerful countenance.

In an effort to find the elusive ambassador, the head of the police force in Washington and the top men in the FBI were coordinating their efforts under the direction of a high government official. The situation was critical. It became known that the Transmanian government was officially preparing to accuse the United States of having kidnaped the man.

A call for aid came from Washington to the Blackhawks. It told them little—simply that they, these unofficial patriots of the air who had brought so many evil-doers to justice, were desperately needed. They soon had their powerful transport plane in the air and headed for the mainland. The news that awaited them was sensational. The Transmanian ambassador had been found—dead! He had been mur-

dered. His corpse had been discovered in a meadow in a sparsely settled rural area.

"It's dynamite," Blackhawk explained to the others. "There's no doubt that the Transmanians are determined to create an international incident. So far, the discovery of the body has been kept secret, but that can't go on for long. If the murder is disclosed with no solution, the Transmanians will accuse our government of having had their ambassador killed. We can't take such an accusation as that without protest. The European nations will start lining up, taking sides. Somebody will go too far—and the whole mess'll blow up to the world's face. There's only one way to forestall trouble, and that's where we come in. We've got to solve the murder—right away! If we hand them the proof of who committed the crime at the same time the murder is first announced, they'll have to back down. But it can't be kept secret long!"

"Quick action!" exclaimed Chuck. "Well, that's our dahl!"

"But where to start! Are there any clues at all?" Andre asked.

"First we'll fly to the spot where the body was discovered, and see what we can pick up," Blackhawk directed.

Arrived at the scene, the seven Blackhawks stood looking over a fence, surveying the spot. The meadow grew high with waving grass. About a hundred feet inside the fence was a small area in which the grass was flattened and crushed, an area where the man's body had lain. Leading to it was a narrow trail where the grass had been matted down by tramping feet.

"Footsteps in the mud under the grass!" exclaimed Olaf. "Dey show as plainly as der nose on my face."

"Yes," said Blackhawk, "they show, all right. But when the body was discovered, there wasn't a single footstep anywhere around it! The trail you see was made by the man who carried the body, and the police who carried it. No one could have gone near it without leaving a trail—yet originally there was no trail!"

"The body could have been dropped from a plane," Hendrickson suggested.

"That seems the most likely suggestion," Blackhawk agreed. "And yet it wasn't batted as one would expect if it had been dropped even from a low-flying plane."

"They interviewed the nearest neighbor, a turn farmer who declared that no planes whatsoever had been in the area the night before. He'd been up all night with a sick cow," he said, "and he would have heard any plane, especially a low-flying one."

"The farmer could have been lying or he could have fallen asleep, and yet, they all agreed, they couldn't help feeling that he was telling the truth."

At Blackhawk's suggestion they took to the air again, searching the immediate area over which they flew. Blackhawk seemed to be working from some definite plan, but he insisted that it was too vague an idea to share yet. Then below them they spotted the lights of a carnival. Still following his hunch, Blackhawk landed the plane near by.

When Blackhawk led the way to the carnival and bought tickets, the others exchanged surprised glances. And when he led them inside to take seats, they shook their heads in bewilderment. To watch a carnival when so much was at stake and the need for haste was so great—well, if it had been anyone but Blackhawk who had suggested it, they would have rebelled. But trusting him implicitly, they were willing to follow.

The show did nothing to lessen Blackhawk's intentness. Whatever he had expected to find, the others could tell that he had not yet discovered it. It was only after they left the big tent that they surmised what he was driving at. An old countryman was arguing with the ticket seller. "But it was advertised on all the

posters!" he protested. "I want my money back! That's the one act I came to see—that human catapult!"

Quickly Blackhawk stepped over and seized the man's arm. "Did you say human catapult? Where is he?"

"Look," the carnival guy said in exasperation. "Can we help it if the man got sick? Didn't we give you plenty of other acts?"

"Let's see this sick guy," Blackhawk demanded. "And let's see his catapult, also."

After a look at his determined face, the ticket seller shrugged and led them back into the small tents where the carnival people lived. The rest of the Blackhawk crew followed. They were beginning to understand. Silently they filed into one of the tents, and stood around the bed staring at a little, black-eyed man who cowered beneath a sheet. Blackhawk had whispered a word to Stan as they entered, and now Stan barked a few words in an unintelligible tongue. Startled, the little man replied in the same language—and then clapped his hands over his mouth. But it was too late.

"He's a Transmanian, all right," Stanislaus said. It didn't take them long to find the contraption known as the human catapult. A variation of the old cannon trick, it slung a man high into the air, from where he ordinarily dropped into a net. But the Transmanian ambassador had dropped into a meadow!

Confronted with the evidence, the little man broke down and confessed. He had belonged to a deposed party in Transmania. His comrades had helped him to kidnap and kill the Transmanian ambassador, using the basis of his carnival act to create an insoluble crime. They had hoped to stir up an international incident, during which their party would again seize control of the Transmanian government.

They had reckoned without the Blackhawks, to whom no crime is insoluble. Back to Washington they flew, taking with them the little Transmanian to prove to the Transmanian government that it was their own countryman who had murdered the ambassador. Once more the Blackhawks had contributed to the peace and well-being of the world.

CHOO CHOO

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT STUFF SOME PEOPLE SPEND, CHERRY?

IF YOU MEAN MONEY, CHOO CHOO, YOU'RE ASKING FOR INFORMATION-YA'N-I CAN'T SUPPLY!

INFORMATION LTD.
YOU NAME IT...
WE FIND IT!



LOGAN SOUNDS BUSINESS -
MAYBE THIS COMPANY WILL
THE JOB?

INFORMATION AND
YOU NAME IT -
WE FIND IT!

AHEM!

WE ARE SORRY THAT WE
CANNOT ACCOMMODATE
YOU, BUT AT PRESENT WE
ARE TOO RUSHED TO
CONSIDER IT! YOURS
TRULY, INFORMATION
LTD - THAT
WILL BE
ALL!

SORRY TO
KEPT YOU
WAITING!

NOT AT ALL! NOW HERE'S
MY PROPOSITION -

I'VE BEEN BALD FOR YEARS
AND IT'S RUINED MY
PERSONALITY! I'VE
LOST MY CONFIDENCE!

YOU WANT
ME TO FIND
YOUR
CONFIDENCE?

I WANT
YOU TO FIND
HAIR
RESTORER!

MR. I'M NOT
HOLDING! THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

NO, IT'S NOT! I HAVE
A MAP HERE OF A
PLACE OUT WEST
WHERE THE INDIANS
HAVE A MAGIC
HAIR RESTORER!

LET ME
SEE THE
MAP!

THIS IS THE
EXACT PLACE,
AND I'LL GIVE
YOU \$10,000
IF YOU GET
IT FOR ME!

YOUR
WORRIES
ARE OVER!
IF THE
STUFF'S
THERE, I'LL
GET IT! NOW
ABOUT A
RETAINER -



HERE'S ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS! YOU'LL GET THE REST WHEN I GET THE HAIR RESTORER!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL HAVE SUCH A MOR OF HAIR YOU'LL NEED A PERMANENT!



TALK ABOUT SPLITTING HAIRS! I JUST SPIELED US INTO A HUNDRED BUCKS AND THERE'S A FORTUNE WAITING FOR US IF WE BRING BACK THE GOODS FROM THE GOLDEN WEST!



IT'LL TAKE US ABOUT A WEEK TO GET THERE, SO WE'D BETTER GO EASY WITH THE MONEY!

LET'S CLOSE UP THE OFFICE AND GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY!

LATER...



WHEW! IF WE DON'T FIND THE INDIAN MISSION I'LL NEED A HAIR RESTORER MYSELF!

NEVER MIND YOUR HAIR! WE'RE RUNNING SHORT OF MONEY ALREADY!

HERE'S A MAN! LET'S ASK HIM!

SEÑOR, CAN YOU TELL US WHERE THE INDIAN MISSION IS? YOU KNOW, THE PLACE WITH THE HAIR?

¿QUEN SABB?

THAT'S ALL I HEAR OUT HERE! ¿QUEN SABB? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT MEANS "WHO KNOWS?"

WELL, WHO DOES KNOW? I'LL BITE!

WAIT! CHERRY, LOOK DOWN THERE!





A week later...

IT WAS A LONG / PARK HERE / BUT WE'RE / ONE! NOW FOR / THE REAL / DOUGH!

PARK HERE / AND CALL / UP OUR / CLIENT! WE / DON'T WANT / TO WASTE A / MINUTE!

HELLO, THIS IS INFORMATION, / LTD. WE'LL BE IN OUR / OFFICE IN 30 MINUTES! / WE HAVE THE STUFF!

YOU HAVE? / WONDERFUL! / I'LL BE / RIGHT OVER!

Soon—

QUICK! GIVE IT TO / ME! MY FRIEND AND / I CAN'T WAIT!

HERE! I / HOPE YOU / BROUGHT A / HAIR BRUSH!

AT LAST, THE MOMENT I'VE / DREAMED ABOUT! MY NEW / PERSONALITY!

THIS IS OUR / DAY, PERCY! / GIVE ME / SOME, TOO!

IT'S SUPPOSED / TO WORK / INSTANTANEOUSLY!

IF IT DOES, WE / WON'T HAVE TO / WORK AT ALL!

AHH! I / FEEL SOME- / THING / GROWING / ON MY HEAD / ALREADY!

IT'S NOT / HAIR—IT'S / FEATHERS!

I'M GOING TO SCALP / SOMEBODY FOR / THIS!

LOOKS LIKE WE BETTER / LOSE OUR BUSINESS / IDENTITY FOR A / WHILE!

AND JUST WHEN / THINGS WERE LOOK- / ING UP! OH, WELL— / HAIR TODAY... GONE / TOMORROW!

INFORMATION LTD. / HAS BEEN / FOUND BY / US! WE FIND IT!

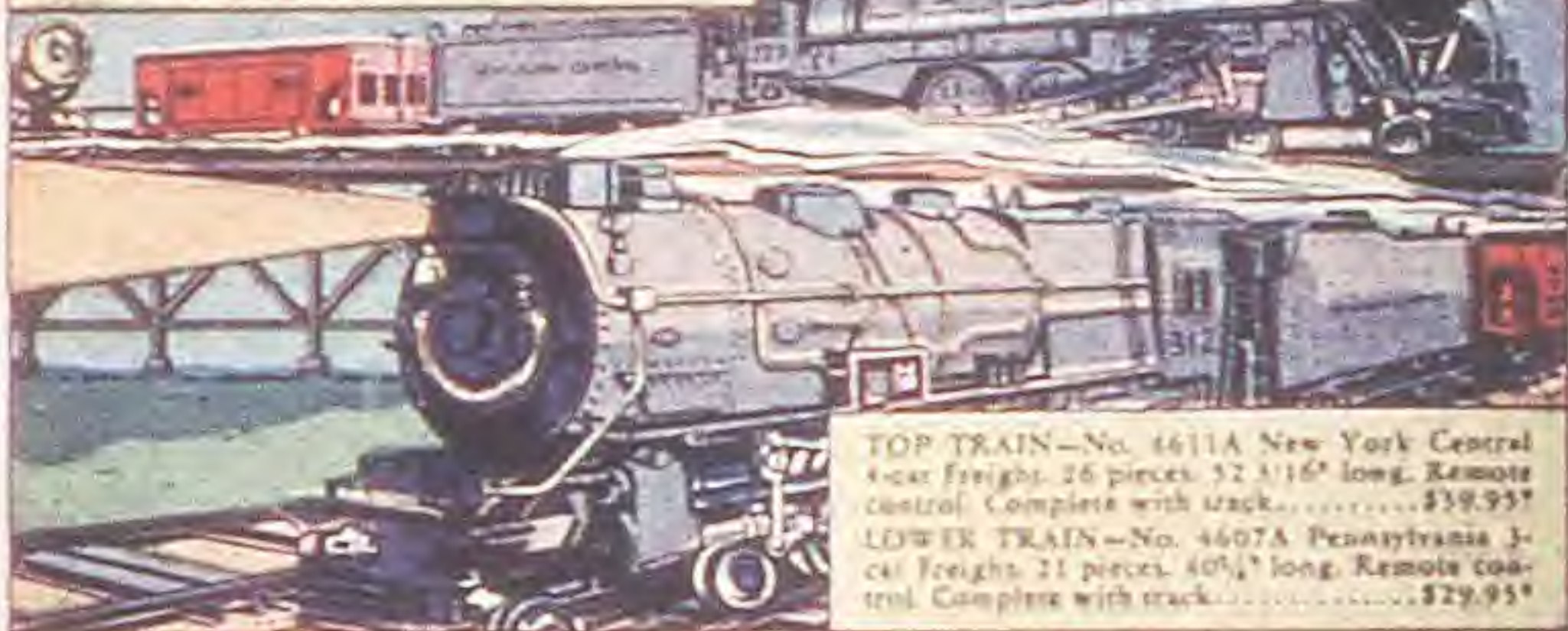
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Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH
'EM PUFF
SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM
CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke... the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



TOP TRAIN—No. 4611A New York Central 4-car freight, 26 pieces, 32 3/16" long. Remote control. Complete with track.....\$39.95*
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...WHO-O-O

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PHILADELPHIA-
CHICAGO-AND
ALL POINTS
WEST!

ALL ABOARD

PRICE
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CHUG-CHUG



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WHISTLE WORKS WITH
ANY TRAIN SYSTEM
BY REMOTE CONTROL!

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THAT 2-
RAIL™

TYPE TRACK LOOKS
JUST LIKE THE
TRACK OF A REAL
STEAM RAILROAD!

WHOO-WHOO

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The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroading. They puff real smoke. They reproduce the "choo-choo" sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uniform 3/16" scale, so that your train looks like real-bugs the track like real. And a two-loop track layout takes space only 6 feet square. Cars have automatic couplers that couple anywhere. Uncouple by remote control. Die-cast locomotives have superpower worm drive for smooth, steady pull at all speeds from a crawl to 120 scale miles per hour. See and hear the sensational American Flyers at your nearest toy or department store.

*Dinner and gas, great money maker

HURRY!
SEND FOR YOURS



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Name.....

Street.....

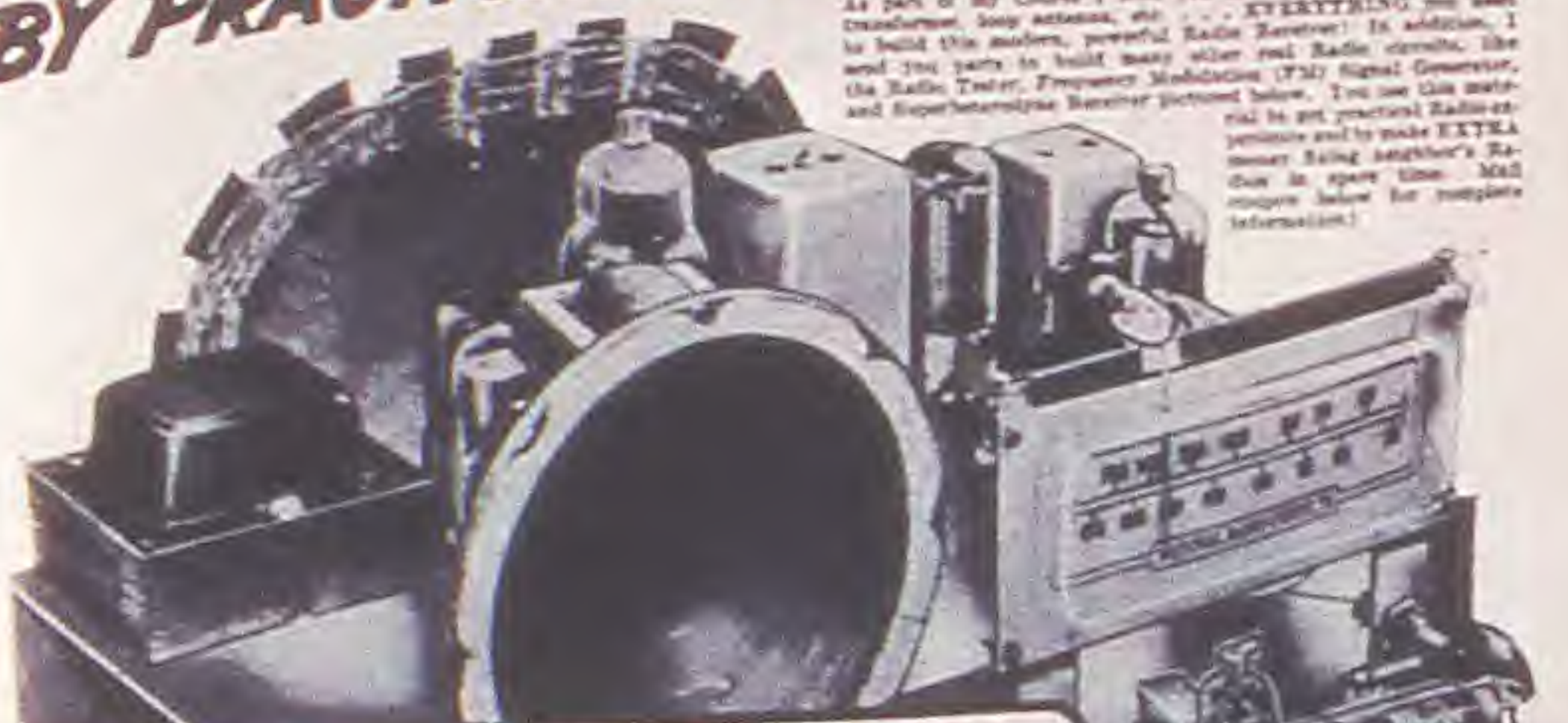
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My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

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